

The Death of Frankenstein's Monster

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Summary: The continued book of Mary Shelley, Frankenstein.

The Death of Frankenstein's Monster

Dr. Frankenstein is dead. The creature is sitting on an iceberg, viewing the cold, frozen Arctic Ocean. His thoughts are all mixed up. He killed his own creator and "God". The one that gave him life, and introduced him to the world. Yet, Frankenstein abandoned him. He only gets what he deserves. But the monster sorrow does not go away. He killed so many innocent people: William, Elizabeth, Clerval and even, in a way, the dear Justine. But all of this, was Frankenstein's fault! Right? The creature didn't ask for life and didn't ask to be a superhuman so ugly and different from others.. The creature looks at the sky, hoping to see a sign. Yes, he needs a sign from his God, his creator. He needs him to decide if he will live or die. In a way, the creature has no more reason to live anymore. He killed the only one who could have loved and admires him. But yet, he doesn't want to die, either. It would be destructing the work of Frankenstein. Suddenly, he sees it, the sign. High in the dark sky, a shooting star passes and then vanishes a few seconds later. That's it... He had to vanish as well. Frankenstein is dead, the creature must be dead too. The monster rises, and says; "The cold is beginning to sink within me. I had not felt it for so long. My form is much more resistant than that of the one who created me. The penetration of the chill, signals to me, the end. Shortly I will no longer possess this much despised form. This form will perhaps be preserved by a bed of ice, but the eyes which so loathe it shall never see it. Perfectly maintained and horrid to hold. It will be buried, by snow, frozen in ice. This form will at last make peace with the world, even if I the spirit inhabiting it will never be reconciled to it. The ice is cold. Brilliant white. Its brightness sinks beneath my eyes, blinding me even when they are closed so that I cannot see. There is nothing. Only that whiteness prevailing even behind my eyes, whiteness and the crack of the ice. It constantly shifts and breaks, but has not taken me to the depths of the sea with it yet. The cold seems stronger now,

turning that little emotion left in me to the ice of the world I'm surrounded by. Truly it is done. I am numb to all feeling. I no longer crave life, death or love. I will merely continue to exist here, until I reach my end. No one will see my end. No one understood my life. I produced a brief effect upon this world, but not to a lasting degree. All them who saw their end by me would have passed from the world in the end. Humans, mortals, monsters. All must pass from this earth. Spirits cannot forever live in bodies, much as they may try or regret the passing from it. I do not hope, but consider that perhaps there would be retribution for me. The God of these mortals, the God of the mortal that created me, is not my God. He cannot be. He is not my creator, but perhaps he would find pity for one such as me. I did not request creation, but perhaps it shall be justified in a punishment sent from my creator. I shall die as I lived, alone." After his long, deep and emotional speech, the monster decides to kill himself and disappear once and for all. After he got up, the monster started walking around the iceberg and eventually got to the tip of it. He realized that if he stepped one more time he would fall in the cold, and deep Artic Ocean. The monster stopped right at the tip of the iceberg and said, "May I sink to the bottom of this cold and mysterious body of water, and never to be found again." After he said this, the monster decided on taking another step, and fell of the iceberg. His body sank in the deep waters of the Artic, and was never to be found again.

It is 2024, and a group of 13 geologists and explorers are on a sailing expedition to measure the rate of how much icebergs and ice sheets are melting. The captain of the boat, George Wallanger, notices a strange object through the broken ice. He calls upon one of his officers to pull it out. After the officer had a hard time pulling up the heavy object on the deck, the whole crew looks at it and realize that it was a frozen body. "He looks like a mixture of different body parts taken from different bodies and sewed up together" the captain said. One of the amazed geologists say; "This body has to be frozen for at least a couple hundred of years." After the crew analyzed and stared at the body for hours, they put it in an enclosed plastic wrap and then stored it in a huge freezer. The geologists and the captain argued for days and eventually, decided to return back to England and deeply analyze the mysterious, disfigured body.

End
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